

FOINTER PLACING PEOPLE IN AND ABOUT HENDERSONVILLE.

Miss Bessie Aiken has returned to Hendersonville after a visit to Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Whitmore of Hendersonville were visiting in the city this week.—Brevard News.

B. E. Paxton was in Hendersonville last week to look after the interests of tourists wishing to visit Brevard.—Brevard News.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. McLean, of Fitzgerald, Ga., have been visiting Mrs. McLean's father, W. P. Whitmore.

H. D. Hernandez and family of Jacksonville, Fla., are guests of Mrs. M. R. Allen for the summer.

R. A. Smith and family of Charleston, S. C., are guests of Mrs. M. R. Allen for the summer.

Mrs. Geo. W. Vanderbilt and a party of friends, of Baltimore, were Hendersonville visitors last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Goldsmith and family left here on Tuesday afternoon for Democrat, Ga., and other places to spend the balance of the summer. They may go as far as Hendersonville, N. C. Mr. Carl Battle is in charge of their grocery store during their absence, assisted by Mr. Chas. N. Walker.—Titusville (Fla.) Advocate.

Mrs. Wm. Huston and little son, Jimmie, who have been in Hendersonville, N. C., for some time and during the big floods, returned to the home of Captain Thos. G. Knight on Saturday. Mrs. Huston left for home as soon as she could get a train that was running through to Jacksonville, and now she is willing to stay at home for the balance of the summer.—Titusville (Fla.) Advocate.

Miss Cora Lott has returned from Statesboro, Ga., where she has been attending a house party of school friends. Miss Lott came to Greenville by rail and made the trip from there in auto.

Miss Bessie Corriher who has spent eight years in China as a medical missionary and who returned to North Carolina on furlough last winter, is here again spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Geo. Corriher. Miss Corriher has been visiting many Presbyterian churches of the state during the summer. She is supported in China by the First Presbyterian church of Greensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Meddors, who were recently married in Spartanburg, are stopping with Mrs. J. Williams.

Miss Vivian Waring returned Sunday to her home in Blanchester, Ohio, after a delightful stay of two months with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowman. Other guests of the Bownmans are Mrs. Cora A. Peddior and charming daughter, Thelma, of Marysville, Ky.

W. E. Shipp of Raleigh, and E. A. Abernethy of Hickory, were Hendersonville visitors last week. These young men are members of the 1916 class of West Point military academy and rank as second lieutenants in the United States army. They expect to be assigned to companies now on duty on the Mexican border by the middle of September.

Misses Mattie Lou and Macie McKents, who have been spending some time in the city stopping at Mrs. Waldrop's on South Washington street, left Tuesday for their home in Anderson, S. C.

Joe Hawkins of Pittsburg, Pa., arrived in the city last week with his bride. They are on their honeymoon trip, having driven 11 by way of auto. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins are spending a while with his parents on the Horse Shoe Drive.

Orme Edwards returned to the city last Tuesday after an eleven months' absence. During his absence Mr. Edwards visited many points in South America, England and Italy.

In Honor of Miss Smith. Miss Marguerite Allen entertained Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Margaret Smith's birthday. Those present were Misses Louise Pope, Eugene and Lois Hernandez, Marion and Marguerite Smith, Estelle and Marjorie Muggs, and Malcolm Pope and William Allen. They all enjoyed playing games and then went to the dining room where they were served refreshments. At a late hour they departed wishing Miss Smith many happy returns of the day.

FINDS GREENVILLE ROAD IN GOOD CONDITION.

Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Woodside and E. F. Woodside, of Greenville, S. C., and Mrs. Ed Woodside, of Baton Rouge, La., spent the week-end in Hendersonville, guests of their sister, Mrs. J. W. Williams, at her home, "Killarney" on Hyman Heights. The party motored up Saturday evening and were agreeably surprised at the condition of the Hendersonville road. They made the trip without the least trouble. The party also visited Asheville while here.

AT "KILLARNEY."

The following are stopping with Mrs. J. W. Williams, at her home "Killarney" on Hyman Heights: Mrs. W. E. Harper and children of Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. B. H. Abbott and son and Mrs. C. E. Allen of Columbia, S. C., and R. L. Henry of Tennessee.

Fruitland Institute Will Open August 22

(Special to The Hustler.)

Hendersonville, R-2, Aug. 2.—Only three weeks of the vacation remain. The fall session of Fruitland Institute will open Tuesday, August 22. Prospects are bright for a very profitable year. Most of the old students will return, and the summer's correspondence points to a large number of new ones. Prof. James B. Lackey of Mississippi, arrived Monday afternoon. Miss Kethly will return before the opening. Miss Sullinger has spent the summer at the school, having as her guests her mother, Mrs. James Sullinger of Mexico, Mo., also her nieces, Misses Martha and Katherine Mathews, and her nephew, Mr. Giles, Mathews, of Fulton, Mo.

The series of special services, which has been in progress for several days, has been very fruitful. Quite a number have decided for the higher life. The preaching has been done by Rev. C. E. Pruett of the Baptist Church and Rev. John H. Green of the Methodist Church.

A most pleasant visitor on the school hill Monday, was Dr. W. F. Powell of Chattanooga, Tenn. He was for a number of years principal of the school, being one of the first. The people have never forgotten his excellent work and his winning personality. He will visit the community again Wednesday, when he will preach to the people by whom he is so well loved. Dr. Powell is always welcome at Fruitland.

Messrs. N. A. Melton, J. S. Whitaker, W. F. Sinclair, W. B. Sinclair and others attended the special session of the Carolina Association at Horse Shoe Saturday and Sunday.

A new department of the school for the coming session is that of manual training. Prof. Lackey will be at the head of the department. This is a valuable addition to the work.

FLAT ROCK NEWS.

(Special to The Hustler.)

Flat Rock, Aug. 2.—Mrs. L. A. Ward, of Morganton, has been spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Joe Simpson.

Mrs. Frank Patton and little daughter of Sumter, S. C., are visiting the family of Mr. John Patton, her husband's father.

The family of Judge Henry, of Yazoo, Miss., arrived here on Sunday and will spend the rest of the summer at the Walker House.

Mrs. P. H. Walker, is entertaining a house party of young folks pamily. Miss Dorothy Neely, of Asheville, Miss. Friline Hart and Messrs Perry Hoke, Walker and Perry Mathews, of Spartanburg.

Dr. B. F. Cliff has little Misses Mary and Louise and Master Jack Cliff of Asheville, his nieces and nephew, with him for the week.

Prof. and Mrs. J. H. Pace leave on Friday for Fruitland public school where they will have charge of the school again this year. School opens next Monday.

INTERESTING MEETING AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

A most interesting series of service is in progress at the Hendersonville Baptist church, with preaching every afternoon at 4 o'clock, and every evening at 8:30, by Rev. W. F. Powell, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Chattanooga, Ga.

COMMISSIONERS MAKE ANNUAL TAX LEVY.

The following are the items of the 1916 tax levy made by the board of State and pension: General county fund, \$27 2-3; School tax, .19; Maintenance of poor, .04; A. and U. bonds, .12; General road fund, .20; Bridges, .10; Bonds for iron bridges, .04; Bonds for road improvement, .02. A total of \$123 2-3. This tax levy is seven cents less than that of last year.

DEUTSCHLAND SAILS FOR HOME.

The Deutschland, giant German submarine, cleared the United States shores at 8:30 last night, apparently unobserved by hostile craft and now so far as is known is safely homeward bound. The Bremen has not arrived from Germany yet.

MANY DEAD IN FOREST FIRES.

Estimates of the number of dead in the bush fires in northern Ontario, Canada, are put at five hundred by refugees.

THE WEATHER.

Nor North Carolina: Occasional showers and thunderstorms Thursday and Friday.

FOR SALE—Lot opposite J. O. Williams'; easy terms; \$600. Noah Hollowell, Brevard. 8-3ffc

CAUGHT ON THE CURB.

Baseball at Highland Lake.—There will be a game of base ball at Highland Lake Inn Saturday, August 5, benefit of the Hendersonville hospital.

Rubbish Cleared Up.—The site of the old St. John's Hotel which was destroyed by fire last fall, has been practically cleaned of all the rubbish which has lain there ever since the fire. The improvement in appearance is marked.

Hospital Meeting.—The Hendersonville Hospital Association will hold its regular monthly meeting Thursday, August 10, at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, at the home of Mrs. C. E. Brooks. As some important business is to be transacted, all members are urgently requested to be present.

Quarterly Conference.—Rev. C. A. Wood of Weaverville, was in the city Sunday and Monday and held quarterly conference at the Methodist church Monday night. This is Mr. Wood's fourth year as presiding elder of this district and he is getting church affairs of the district in shape for the annual conference.

Electrical Storm.—A severe electrical storm, accompanied by a hard shower of rain, visited Hendersonville Tuesday evening. Several bricks were knocked off the Citizens' bank building and the display of lightning was a little too close to be comfortable. Aside from causing the electric power to be off about an hour no serious damage is reported.

Will Give Discount on Wagons.—The J. I. Nissen Wagon company of Winston-Salem, will, through their local dealers, the Hendersonville Hardware company, replace all of their make of wagons lost in the recent flood, at a discount of 33 1-3 per cent from the gross price, provided that the local dealers are willing to contribute their commission, and they say they are. Any farmer or other person who lost a Nissen wagon in the flood can secure a new one at a big reduction.

Brings Auto From Charlotte.—F. S. Wetmur and J. Mack Rhodes returned Saturday evening from Charlotte, where they had gone for the purpose of securing a Ford runabout for one of their customers. The car was ferried across the Catawba river Friday and the men spent that night in asonja, coming on here Saturday. This same car, which the men had spent so much time and trouble in bringing here, was the one wrecked in the collision on the Asheville road Sunday evening.

Trains Through Today.—Southern Railway company announces that effective today, trains Nos. 41 and 10 will be operated on regular schedules between Asheville and Spartanburg, and effective Sunday, Nos. 42 and 9, will be put into operation. On the Sunday following all regular trains and Pullman service will be inaugurated, with the exception of Nos. 3 and 4, summer trains which will be discontinued the rest of the season.

New Credit Guide.—"The Credit Experience Guide," issued by the Merchants Mercantile Agency of Pittsburg, Pa., and containing credit ratings of every resident of Hendersonville, Brevard, Tryon, Rosman, Blantyre, Lynn, Edneyville, Bad Cave, Davidson River, Flat Rock, Fletcher, Lake Toxaway and Pisgah Forest, has just come from the press and is being delivered in Hendersonville today. The book was compiled with the collaboration of the Hendersonville Merchants' Association.

MRS. RUSSELL DEAD.

Esteemed Fletcher Lady Passes Away at Her Home at That Place Friday Afternoon.

At Fletcher, Friday afternoon, July 8, at 2:45 o'clock, Mrs. Adelia Russell, wife of County Commissioner J. N. Russell, departed this life. All of her ten children, except Homer, who lives in Denver, Col., were at or near her bedside when the end came.

Her life was a beautiful, useful one. She gave the full measure of her love and strength to her husband and children, who in turn loved her devotedly. During the last two years of her life she was a patient sufferer, and almost every hour of the day and night some of her children were ministering to her wants. Dr. L. P. Russell, her oldest son, virtually gave up the practicing of his profession that he might be near and render such assistance to her who "went down into the valley of the shadow" that he might be. The devotion of the children was beautiful. Before her marriage Mrs. Russell was Miss Adelia Cooper of Fairview, but for more than a third of a century she had lived and loved and made attractive and beautiful her home near Fairview. She was 58 years old and a member of Patty's Chapel Methodist church where she now sleeps beneath great wreaths of flowers.

J. N. Russell, her husband, and ten children survive. The children are: Mrs. W. S. Scott, Asheville; Mrs. Luther Anderson, Guild, Tenn.; Homer Russell, Denver, Col.; Robert Russell, Asheville; Dr. L. P. Russell, Bryan Russell, and Misses Bonnie, Bessie, Blanche and Alma Russell, all of Fletcher.

The deceased will be greatly missed, not only by her loved ones, but by scores of friends who knew and respected her.

Cure for Cholera Morbus.

"When our little boy, now seven years old, was a baby he was cured of cholera morbus by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Mrs. Sidney Simmons, Fair Haven, N. Y. "Since then other members of my family have used this valuable medicine for colic and bowel troubles with good satisfaction and I gladly endorse it as a remedy of exceptional merit." Obtainable everywhere. adv.-A-5

The United States yearly produces 11,500,000,000 pounds of lard.

NOVEL FIRE ESCAPE

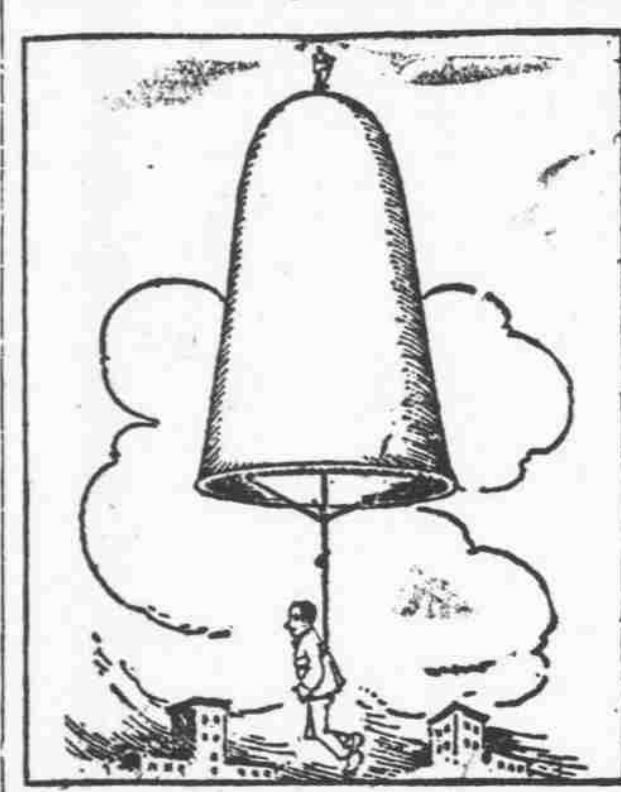
Modified Parachute Is Latest Safety Device.

Intended for Use of Those Residing in Top Stories of Hotels or Other High Buildings—Can Be Carried in Valise.

Like the man who goes down to the sea, the fellow who contemplates spending the night in the upper stories of a skyscraper hotel takes his life preserver with him, as does also the man who is booked for a trip aloft in an aeroplane. Such a life-saving apparatus has been recently patented, consisting of a modification of the parachute adopted for the purpose.

The principal feature of the apparatus is a bag having a spring catch at the apex and the means of securing one's self to it by a strap to be passed around the waist.

The bottom of the bag is supplied with a spiral spring secured around its marginal edge, so that when the opportunity is offered the bag is automatically spread out and carries its burden gently to the ground. It folds so compactly that it may be carried in a bundle outside of one's traveling bag, where it will always be ready for service, and when the occasion arises it is simply necessary to secure the spring catch to some overhead object to assist in its expansion at the proper



Sink Gently to the Ground. time, and after passing the strap around the waist the fire-imprisoned person jumps from the window and is carried nicely to the ground.

"Burglar" in the House. While the Noblesville council was in session the other night Floyd Christian, city attorney, was called to the telephone.

"Hurry up to your office; get your gun and then run home," said Mrs. Christian rather impatiently. "There is a man in the house. I heard him upstairs."

Christian rushed back into the council chamber and directed Chief of Police Hill and two officers to go to his home.

"If there is a man in the house, I would rather for you to make the trip," he whispered to Hill.

The three officers ran all the way to the Christian home and made a thorough investigation. They arrived at the conclusion that the disturbance had been caused by an upstairs window being hoisted. A draft came through the opening and blew one of the doors shut, the noise being heard in all parts of the house.—Indianapolis News.

Woman Invents Clever Mail Box.

Mrs. F. L. Mathews of Gadsden, Ala., has invented a mail receiving apparatus adapted to the railway mail service. It is so constructed that when a pouch of mail is thrown from a mail car while under way the pouch falls into an iron box, which is locked automatically. An invention along this line is now being tried out in Illinois, but is designed to take care of a large quantity of mail. A second track is constructed along the railroad for a few yards and when the mail car passes it picks up and carries along for a short distance a small car onto which mail is automatically thrown by machinery, while at the same time mail outgoing is gathered up from the car.

Uncle Joe's Cigar Secret.

"Here's a secret that it took me years to learn," said Uncle Joe Cannon, who, as nearly everyone knows, is an inveterate smoker. "If you want to get the most out of a cigar light the 'wrong end.' Any man who smokes cigars to any great extent will tell you that he gets more real enjoyment out of the last inch of his cigar. Now, my plan is to light the last half first and get to the best part of the smoke as soon as you can. Of course, you have to snip off the end that is supposed to go in your mouth before you can light the cigar, but if you try my plan you won't ever go back to the old-fashioned way unless I'm badly mistaken."

China Industry Revived.

Ever since the year 1396 all the fine porcelain used in China's royal palaces has come from the King Teh Cheng factory. The factory was partly destroyed, and many of its choice designs were divided among certain leading revolutionists. Recently, the ancient factory has received a grant of \$20,000 and will again produce the rare and beautiful porcelain for which it is noted.

CAP and BELLS



MYSTERY OF SINGER SOLVED

Village Crier, Arrayed in Sailor Rig, Is Termed "Sing-Bad, the Sailor" at Concert.

Ordinary concerts had grown rather stale in Middleton, where everybody sings, or thinks he can.

So a novelty was arranged, in which each performer was to appear in a fancy dress and sing a suitable song. The first items went off very well, although when Miss Antike came on in a simple, girlish gown and sang "For Ever and For Ever" the audience got nervous, and thought she meant to do so.

Then the village crier appeared in a sailor rig and declaimed "Asleep in the Deep" in a voice high pitched and cracked.

"Who is he?" "What character does he represent?" were the questions the listeners asked each other wildly.

Then came the usual voice from the rear of the hall, saying: "Why, 'e's Sing-Bad the Sailor!"—New York Mail.

FAR BETTER.



Ruth—Fred brings me chocolates with my initial stamped on each piece. Freda—My! The chocolates Jack brings me have "Price 3¢" stamped on the box.

Quite Appropriate.

A clever newspaper man tells a story of a friend of his whose small son asked why the collections at the Sunday meetings were taken up in pangs.

"Because, my boy," answered the witty father, "a pang is the most fitting vehicle in which to get the dough."

Hopeless Insolence.

"It must be a terrible thing to know that you are to be shot at sunrise," commented the highly imaginative person.

"Yes," answered the lazy citizen; "it's bad enough to have to get up at sunrise, without going through the rest of it."

A Utilitarian.

"Mrs. Twobble has taken up a new fad?"

"What is it?"

"China decorating."

"Is Mr. Twobble interested?"

"Not at all. He said he would rather see a broiled lamb chop on a plate than a whole flock of bluebirds."

Beginning of the End.

"Just think, dearest," said the mere man in the case, who was about to break into the freight-paying class, "only three more days and we shall be one."

"Yes," rejoined the fair suffragette, "and I'm right here to inform you that I intend to be the one."

Universal Instinct.

"Are you a candidate?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "There's no use denying it. Every man is a candidate for something; only in most instances his chance is so small that it isn't worth while for him to declare himself."

Demonstration.

"I know you don't believe in gambling, and I play cards and bet on the races, but I can prove my moral superiority in so doing."

"Then prove it."

"You are a good man—I don't deny it. But I am a better."

The Way of It.

"Belle says she married a paradox."

"How's that?"

"Well, when she first married him he was quite tall, but ever since she has found he is always short."

JUST FOR TONIGHT

By EARL REED SILVERS.

The strains of "Just for Tonight" died away. Phil Rendall looked into the eyes of Mildred Arnold and smiled. "Is it going to be just for tonight with us?" he whispered.

"I guess so, Phil." She spoke kindly, but there was a hint of determination in her voice. "There's Arthur, you know."

Phil frowned darkly.

"Are you engaged to him?"

"Almost." Mildred's voice quivered slightly. "It isn't announced yet, but two years ago, when he was a sophomore in college, I promised him."

"And now, when you know that he isn't all you thought he was, are you going to keep your promise?"

"Yes." They had walked to the porch of the big gymnasium and were standing in the shadows. "It's the only thing for me to do."

"But your whole future is at stake."

"I know, but that doesn't make a promise less binding. Arthur hasn't done anything wrong so far as I know. He's just weak, but lots and lots of men are weak, and girls have married them just the same."

"He's a coward," Phil spoke hotly.

"You—you really haven't any right to say that." The girl laid a restraining hand on his arm.

He was silent for a minute or two, but suddenly he turned to her impulsively. "I know I shouldn't say these things," he said, "but it hurts me so to know that you are going to give yourself to someone who isn't worthy of you. Not that I am," he added hastily, "but at least I'm more of a man than Arthur Martin is."

"I know you are." She spoke softly.

The music for the next dance drifted out of the open doorway, and Arthur Martin appeared to claim his partner. Phil watched them until they were lost in the shifting crowd of dancers.

"If only something would happen to show her what a cad he is!" he muttered.

Phil saw them at the baseball game the next afternoon, and in the evening, when he stood on the porch of Ferrol hall, where the final dance of junior week was being held, he watched as they whirled off together to the strains of "Mighty like a Rose," the first waltz of the night.

Phil managed to engage the sixth and seventh dances with Mildred, and instead of staying in the crowded hall they walked over the shadowy paths of the Belmont campus until they came to the steps of the old King's building, where they lingered. They were half hidden in the shadows, and the two persons who stood beneath the arc light, not ten feet away, did not notice them. Phil started as he noted that one of the figures was Arthur Martin and the other Nellie Burt, whom he knew by sight as a factory hand for the Thompson company downtown.

They could hear Martin speaking angrily.

"I tell you, I'm through," he said.

"But you promised to marry me!"

There was a hint of tears in the girl's voice.

"I can't marry you; I'm engaged to someone else."

"You must!" She spoke tensely, and seized the arm of his coat. "You can't turn me down like this."

"I'm not turning you down. I didn't promise to marry you—just suggested that we might possibly be married some day."

"You asked me that night on the river."

"I didn't."

"You did—you know you did."

The two in the shadows could not help hearing what was said. Phil recovered from his amazement first, and took Mildred's arm.

"Come on," he suggested. "Let's go back to the hall."

"No," Mildred spoke firmly. "I'm going to find out the truth about this affair."

Before he could stop her she had confronted Martin and the other girl.

"Arthur," she asked, "is this girl speaking the truth?"

Martin gasped as he saw her.

Nellie Burt stepped forward.

"Are you the girl he's engaged to?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, he promised to marry me. I gave up all the other boys for him, and now he's going to turn me down."

"Don't believe her." Martin strove desperately to make his voice sound convincing.

"I heard you tell her that you had suggested marriage," Mildred spoke firmly. "I've heard rumors of this kind of things before, Arthur, but I didn't believe them. Now I know that they are so."

"But this girl isn't anything to me."

"It doesn't make any difference whether she is or not. You have proved that you can't be trusted."

"Mildred!" There was a world of entreaty in his voice. He took a step toward her.

"No!" She turned away. "You may consider our engagement at an end." Without another word, she took Phil's arm and they walked away.

They were silent until they reached Ferrol hall. As they entered the door the strains of "Just for Tonight" floated across the room.

When the waltz was concluded he looked into her eyes.

"Is it still just for tonight with us?" he questioned.

"No, not for tonight." She smiled up at him. "For always."

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